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GEORGE-ANNE

Vol. III No. 49.

Georgia Normal School

January 21, 1929.

Published weekly by Freshmen Class.

Collegeboro, Georgia.

Definite Description.

Lucile Rountree.

Along the side of a babbling brook
A lass was passing with a line
and hook
His face seems happy with a care-
free look
As he walks through the meadow
along to the brook.

His old straw hat was some what worn
And off his collar the very button
was torn
The brown trousers were worn real
thin
And the old red sweater needed
patchin' agin-
At this time such a thing as a belt
was not known
So to keep up his trousers some
suspenders must be worn.

The green foliage of the meadow
Was as picturesque as a field
of heather
This boy couldn't have picked finer
weather
For the little fishes to get
together.
As he walked along the damp sand
It brings to my mind, "The bare
foot Boy with cheeks of tan"

Stella VarLandingham.

A red headed tramp lay asleep on
the ground
With a bundle of clothes turned up-
side down
While his food was cooking on a
rock
And the birds above went hippity
hop;
He wore a ragged old coat that was
made of blue
And his shoes were so worn that
his feet came thru.
A pair of trousers that were patched
in the knee
And the funniest old hat you ever
did see-
He was propped against the stump
of a tree
Dreaming of things that he could
not see;
The scent of food came all around
And his dreaming was not dis-
turbed by a sound
And all the while his shoes were
unlaced
While a peaceful expression was
all over his face,
His pants were tied with a string
of leather
And they showed they had stood the
test of weather,
The channels that he wore were
rounder than the moon
That waited for him late that noon.

A Boy at Play.

Robert Wynne.

A very small boy as all have seen,
With curly hair and pants of green
Is seated on the floor at play,
Awaiting for the close of day.

His jolly face is bright and clear,
A telephone he's holding there;
He doesn't think this funny thing
Has any right to talk and ring.

His doesn't talk as well we know,
But mother uses hers just so.
And Dad can make this funny thing,
Just sit up there and talk and
ring

However that may be we'll say,
When he's grown up some future
day,
All these strange things he'll com-
prehend
And then explain from start to
end.

The country lad trudged through
the pasture of green grass, so
much like a lion's carpet. A stream
ran slowly through the pasture like
a snake winding his way through
the grass. The country lad was
going fishing. He looked like a
warrior with a fishing pole in-
stead of lance, going out to
battle, and very confident of
victory. He was dressed in brown
pantalooks, a loose white shirt
and a bedraggled red sweater. A
straw hat adorned the top of his
head like a crown adorns the head
of a king.

The Song of the Lark.

Ruth Grahl.

The round rosy red sun is just
peeping from behind the dimly out-
lined houses and trees in the dis-
tance. The dead field of stubble
and grass looks dusky brown in the
half shadows of dawn. But to the
roughly dressed peasant girl,
standing in the well beaten path,
all these sights are forgotten in
the new wonder which has suddenly
struck her. She stands there in
the early dawn, strong brown feet
bare, coarse dark skirt with white
waist shoring against the dark
background. Her apron is tucked
up at the waist, and her sleeves
are rolled above the elbows dis-
closing the strong arms of a per-
son. (continued on page 3.)

GEORGE--ANNE

The Staff.

Editor	Virginia Lewis
Ass't Editor	Eli McDaniel
Campus Editor	Katherine Brett
News Editor	Sara Roberts
Alumnae Editor	Clifford Griner
Book Editor	Clyde Greenway
Faculty Advisor	Miss Clay
Manager	Sidney Boswell
Typist	Virginia Kenan

Our Lyceum Course.

In a few weeks we will have a lyceum course to enjoy and appreciate. Lyceums are carried on for the express purpose of giving people in the smaller towns the opportunity of enjoying and learning to appreciate the best entertainments. They give us entertainment that others pay several times as much as we do to enjoy.

The entertainments for the lyceum course are selected with great care, and one course contains a variety of entertainment, each type the best of its kind. All the entertainers are artists in their own line and what they offer us is a result of long years of study. Let us all patronize our lyceum course and we will be instructed as well as entertained.

How to Keep Well

In this day of specialization, Man's latest service is possible only when a sound mind is served by a sound body. Health is not a problem set apart by itself; it is closely interwoven with all aspects of life.

There are many ways to keep our power of resistance strong. There should be regular hours for recreation. It is very important that we eat the right kind of food and the body be kept in a sanitary condition.

There are no better rules for keeping healthy than "Lincoln's Rules for Living" which are as follows. Do not worry, eat three square meals a day, say your prayers, be courteous to your creditor, keep your digestion good, exercise, go slow and easy. Maybe there are other things that your special case requires to make you happy, but my friend, these I reckon will give you a good lift."

How Do You Fight.

Sidney Boswell.

Do you give your best when the battle seems lost?
Do you fight to the end forgetting the cost?
Do you play it fair for the love of the game?
When you know you are beaten do you fight the same?

Do you raise up an enemy fallen in pain?
And offer to lift him upward again?
Do you speak a kind word
When you might voice a jeer
Do your lips keep silent when you might raise a cheer?

Or do you take advantage of the referee's back?
To give an opponent a nasty crack?
Do you play play for the stands or love of the game,
Do you fight for the team or the honor of fame?
Do you harbor a grudge for a fancied wrong?
Do you want to "back bite", at the gears of the thing?
It's great to be able to push to the light
But I'm asking you, Comrade, How do you fight?

Her First Biscuits.

Ruth Edenfield.

Listen, dear friends and I will relate
The fate of a bride who first tried to bake
She thought that the task would be easy and simple
So she began with a smile and her cheeks all-a-dimple
She set out flour, her milk and her lard
And kneaded and kneaded till the dough was quite hard
It seemed even to her inexperienced hand a little tough
When she placed it on the board and was rolling the stuff
But after a struggle they were put in the pan
And put in to bake for the dinner of Dan.

They baked and baked till they all turned brown
They were round and fat, each looked like a mound
She removed the pan with joy on her face
And to the table with them she madly did race
She hurriedly snatched one out with a fork
She had expected them to light as a cork
But what was her grief on finding instead
That her beautiful biscuits were heavy as lead
She also found them to be hard as a brick
And the taste of them made her quite sick.

With an angry sweep of her jewelled hand
She caused the biscuits on the floor to land
So she sits on a stool with a mournful look
While she tearfully studied the "Bride's Cook Book"
The biscuits are scattered, the pan is turned up
The food is being examined by a Pekingese pup.

(Continued on page 3 column 2)

The Song of the Lark Continued.

accustomed to hard outdoor labor. In her right hand is clenched a scythe, an emblem of her work. Face uplifted, lips parted, she seems wonder struck at the sudden clear and beautiful song of the lark which has startled her out of her ordinary thoughts and raised her for the moment to a higher and more sublime plane.

Y.W.C.A. Meeting.

The Y.W.C.A. had its regular meeting Wednesday night at 7:00 o'clock. "Getting along with people" was the topic for discussion. The following program was rendered:

Song Onward Christian Soldiers.
Devotional I'll Flycock.
Introduction to program-Tiny Mann.
Community and Campus Situations.
 Jewel Smith.
Examining the Specific Problem
 Blanche Field.
Suggestions for Working on the
Problem Pauline Burke.
Song Safely Through Another Week
Dismissal.

Freshmen give special program in honor of Robert Edward Lee.

The Freshmen class rendered a special program Friday morning in honor of General Robert E. Lee's birthday. The stage was decorated with old confederate flags. The program's special selections were as follows:

Life of Lee Elmo Mallard
Sword of Lee Eli McDaniel
Lee's Last Address to his Soldiers
 Leonard Powell
Virginia Lee and Lee's Virginia
 Sidney Boswell
"The Blue and the Gray"
 Mary Swain.
Special selections on Violan
 Millard Griffith
War Songs All Present.

January 11th the Georgia Normal basket ball squad left for Parris Island S.C. to play the Parris Island Marines.

The first game started off with fast basket ball playing from both teams. The Marines took the lead in scoring the first half although the Normal boys did not give up. At the beginning of the second half the Blue Tide came back with more fight than ever. They out played the Marines and made 20 points while the Marines made only 9 points. The Marines were unable to use their reserve men, as they had used on other teams.

The second night the game started off with more fight from both teams. The Marines took the lead

teams. The Marines took the lead in scoring and kept it the entire game. Twice during the game the Blue Tide was only one point behind.

Adams, the dashing center, had to be taken from the game during the 1st half on account of a cut over the eye.

It is true that the Blue Tide had only three works out before this game although the boys were in pretty good shape.

The team does not feel discouraged because they were up against one of the best teams in the State.

The Marines said the Normal had the best team they had played so far.

Her First Biscuits Continued.

He seems to be wandering, this dog
called Ted
If this is what his Mistress calls
bread.
And this bride who is beautiful,
stylish and slim
Whose starry eyes with tears are
dim
Has made this solemn resolve with
vim
"I resolve to learn to make biscuit
for him."

The Rosy Ole Reducing Man. Elmo Mallard.

He was pink and fair and grey was
his hair
With some of it -- not there.
He was big and tall six feet or
more in a l,
And his stomach stuck out till
it was a sin.
His cheeks stuck out and so did
his chin,
While his lips and eyes were sunk
way in.
He had a round little nose like
somebody's big toes,
With a pair of specks sitting
up on those.

He was big and round and rosy
and plump;
Whenever he laughed he would
literally jump.

In one hand was a record, the
other a book;
And he was reading the thing
with a profound look.
On the table near was a victrola,
With also a pitcher of water there.
He was puffing and blowing like a
great big ball,
Though it was plain water, which
he was full.

And the sweat was pouring off his
hide,
But he was intending to reduce
even if he died.

CAMPUS NOTES

Lucille Roundtree spent the week end with her parents in Summit.

Myra Brown went home for the week-end.

Clifford Griner went home for the week-end and hasn't returned yet. We regret to say that she has the "Flu" and we hope to have her back with us soon.

Jewell Register has returned to the school. We are very glad to have her back with us and to know that she has recovered from the "Flu".

Sonia Fine, from Metter, Georgia, is a new member of the Freshman Class. We are very glad to have her with us.

We are very glad to know that Jessie Wommack has returned from home and is also recovered from the "Flu".

Reta Lee spent the week-end at home near Statesboro, Ga.

Katherine Brett spent the week end in Statesboro with her friend, Margaret Aldred.

Louise Kennedy spent the week-end with her parents in Metter, Ga.

We are sorry to say that Mrs. Singley is still ill with the flu.

Mrs. Perry has had "Flu" too, we are glad to see her out again.

We hope the "flu patients" will soon be well. We miss them very much.

Sara Roberts has been teaching Latin and French at Brooklet this last week as a supply teacher.

JOKES

C.G.--If we were on an Island all alone would you marry me?

Louise--Yes, if you could find a preacher.

Mob--How did Menza's father hint to you that it was time to go home.

Eli--He dropped a shoe.

Mob--What did you do then.

Eli--I ducked just in time.

She--Don't love me, love my dog.
He--Which one, Honey.

He--I'd like to kiss you, may I?

She--Have you ever done anything to make you think that I was that kind of girl.

He--But-er--I--Why, what kind of girl?

She--The kind of a girl that has to be asked for a kiss.

Jeannette L.--George Mathis, you are certainly good looking.

George--Thanks, Jeannette, I sure wish I could return the compliment.

Jeannette--You could if you had told as big a lie as I did.

Miss Trussell--Eli, where does he find foul air?

Eli--In the chicken yard.

WISE CRACKS

Education: Forcing the bright ones to mark time until the dumb ones get the idea.

Education makes you ~~wiser~~ note our sophomore practice teachers.

Social Studies: Barbarizing in fluences over Normal school students.

A perfect teacher according to our idea is one who can work all the problems she assigns to her seventh graders and who can convince little Schmidt that algebra is essential to his future success.

How pleasant to be awakened by the rising-of these snappy, invigorating mornings and then to be able to roll over and take another nap.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

No matter how hard

Life may be

Cheer up old pal

You still have me.

True friends are like jewels.

Precious and rare

False ones like autumn leaves

Found everywhere.

Life ~~is~~ an arrow

Therefore you must know

What to aim at, how to use the

bow

Then draw it to the head

and let it go

We flatter those we scarcely know

And please the fleeting guest

And despise many a thoughtless

slow

To those we love the best.

Wise Cracks

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